

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A DISCOURSE ON HIS VISIT TO PATMOS.

He Tells How He Left Egypt and Visiting Fast Rhodes Reached the Grecian Archipelago and Visited the Island of St. John's Revelation.

Good-Bye to Egypt.

The doctor took two texts: Acts xxi. 2. "When we had discovered Cyprus we left on the left hand;" and Revelation i. 9. "I, John, was in the isle that is called Patmos."

Good-bye, Egypt! This sermon finds us on the steamer Minerva in the Grecian archipelago, the islands of the New Testament, and islands Paulinian and Johannian in their reminiscence. What Bradshaw's directory is to travelers in Europe, and what the railroad guide is to travelers in America, the Book of the Acts in the Bible is to voyagers in the Grecian, or as I shall call it, the Gospel archipelago. The Bible geography of that region is accurate with-out a shadow of mistake. We are sailing this morning on the same waters that Paul, but in the opposite direction to that which Paul voyaged. He was sailing southward and we northward. With him it was Ephesus, Coos, Rhodes, Cyprus. With us it is reversed, and it is Cyprus, Rhodes, Coos, Ephesus. There is no book in the world so accurate as the Divine Book.

My text says that Paul left Cyprus on the left; we, going in an opposite direction, leave it on the right. On our ship Minerva were only two or three passengers besides our party, so we had plenty of room to walk on deck, and oh, what a night was Christmas night of 1889 in that Grecian archipelago—Islands of light above, islands of beauty beneath! It is a royal family of islands, this Grecian archipelago—the crown of the world's scenery set with sapphire and emerald topaz and chrysoprasus, and ablaze with a glory that seems let down out of celestial landscapes. God evidently made up His mind that just here He would demonstrate the utmost that can be done with islands for the beautification of earthly scenery.

The steamer had stopped during the night, and in the morning the ship was as quiet as this floor, when we hastened up to the deck and found that we had anchored off the island of Cyprus. In a boat which the natives rowed standing up, as is the custom, instead of sitting down, as when we row, we were rowed to the shore. Here Paul and Barnabas walked and preached. Yes, when at Antioch, Paul and Barnabas got into a fight—as ministers sometimes did, and sometimes do, for they all have imperfections enough to anchor them to this world till their work is done, I say—when, because of that bitter controversy, Paul and Barnabas parted, Barnabas came back here to Cyprus, which was his birthplace. Island, wonderful for history! It has been the prize sometimes won by Persia, by Greece, by Egypt, by the Saracens, by the Crusaders, and last of all, not by sword but by pen, and that the pen of the keenest diplomatist of the century, Lord Beaconsfield, who, under a lease which was as good as a purchase, set Cyprus among the jewels of Victoria's crown.

We went out into the excavations from which Di Cennola has enriched our American museums with antiquities, and with no better weapon than our foot we stirred up the ground deep enough to get a tear bottle in which some mourner shed his tears thousands of years ago, and a lamp which before Christ was born lighted the feet of some poor pilgrim on his way. That island of Cyprus has enough to set an antiquarian wild. The most of its glory is the glory of the past, and the typhoid fevers that sweep its coast, and the clouds of locusts that often blacken its skies (though \$200,000 were expended by the British Empire in one year for the extermination of these noxious insects, yet failing to do their work), and the frequent change of governmental masters hinder prosperity.

But when the islands of the sea come to God, Cyprus will come with them, and the agricultural and commercial opulence which adorned it in ages past will be eclipsed by the agricultural and commercial and religious triumphs of the ages to come. Why is the world so stupid that it cannot see that nations are prospered in temporal things in proportion as they are prospered in religious things? Godliness is profitable not only for individuals, but for nations. Questions of tariff, questions of silver bill, questions of republic or monarchy have not so much to do with a nation's temporal welfare as questions of religion. Give Cyprus to Christ, give England to Christ, give America to Christ, give the world to Christ, and He will give them all a prosperity unlimited. Why is Brooklyn one of the queen cities of the earth? Because it is the queen city of churches.

Blindfold me and lead me into any city of the earth so that I cannot see a street or a warehouse or a home, and then lead me into the churches and then remove the bandage from my eyes, and I will tell you from what I see inside the consecrated walls, having seen nothing outside, what is that city's merchandise, its literature, its schools, its printing presses, its government, its homes, its arts, its sciences, its prosperity or its depression, and ignorance and pauperism and outlaws. The altar of God in the church is the high water mark of the world's happiness. The Christian religion triumphant, all other interests low down, all other interests low down. So I stepped on the evening of that day we thought from the filthy streets of Larnaca, Cyprus, onto the boat that took us back to the steamer Minerva, which had already begun to paw the waves like a courser impatient to be gone, and then we moved on and up among the islands of this Gospel archipelago.

Night came down on land and sea and the voyage became to me more and more suggestive and solemn. If you are pacing it alone a ship's deck in the darkness and at sea is a weird place, and an active imagination may conjure up almost any shape he will, and it shall walk the sea to confront him by the smoke-stack or meet him under the captain's bridge. But here I was alone on ship's deck in the Gospel archipelago, and do you wonder that the sea was populous with the past and that down the rattles Bible memories descended? Our friends had all gone to their berths.

"Captain," I said, "when will we arrive at the island of Rhodes?" Looking out from under his glazed cap, he responded in sepulchral voice, "About midnight." Though it would be keeping

unreasonable hours, I concluded to stay on deck, for I must see Rhodes, one of the islands associated with the name of the greatest missionary the world ever saw or ever will see. Paul landed there, and that was enough to make it famous while the world stands, and famous in Heaven when the world has become a charred wreck.

This island has had a wonderful history. With 6,000 Knights of St. John, it at one time stood out against 200,000 warriors under "Solyman the Magnificent." The city had 3,000 statues, and a statue to Apollo called Colossus, which has always been considered one of the seven wonders of the world. It was twelve years in building and was seventy cubits high, and had a winding staircase to the top. It stood fifty-six years, and then was prostrated by an earthquake. After lying in ruins for 900 years, it was purchased to be converted to other purposes, and the metal, weighing 720,000 pounds, was put on 900 camels and carried away. But the lights all up and down the hills show where the city stands, and nine boats come out to take freight and to bring three passengers. Yet all the thousands of years of its history are eclipsed by the few hours or days that Paul stopped there.

But there is one island that I longed to see more than any other. I can afford to miss the princes among the islands, but I must see the king of the archipelago. The one I longed to see is not so many miles in circumference as Cyprus or Crete or Paros or Naxos or Scio or Mytilene, but I had rather, in this sail through the Grecian archipelago, see that than all the others; for more of the glories of Heaven landed there than on all the islands and continents since the world stood. As we come toward it I feel my pulses quicken. "I, John, was on the island that is called Patmos." It is a pile of rocks twenty-eight miles in circumference. A few cypresses and inferior olives pump a living out of the earth, and one palm tree spreads its foliage. But the barrenness and gloom and loneliness of the island make it a prison for the banished evangelist.

Domitian could not stand his ministry, and one day, under armed guard, that minister of the Gospel stepped from a tossing boat to these dismal rocks and walked up to the dismal cavern that was to be his home and the place where should pass before him all the conflicts of coming time and all the raptures of a coming eternity. Is it not remarkable that nearly all the great revelations of music and poetry and religion have been made to men in banishment—Homer and Milton landed into blindness; Beethoven banished into deafness; Dante writing his "Divina Comedia" during nineteen years of banishment from his native land; Victor Hugo writing his "Les Misérables" exiled from home and country on the island of Guernsey, and the brightest visions of the future have been given to those who by sickness or sorrow were exiled from the outer world into rooms of suffering. Only those who have been imprisoned by very hard surroundings have had great revelations made to them.

So Patmos, wild, chill, and bleak and terrible was the best island in all the archipelago, the best place in all the earth for divine revelations. Before a panorama can be successfully seen, the room in which you sit must be darkened, and in the presence of John was to pass such a panorama as no man ever before saw or ever will see in this world, and hence the gloom of his surroundings was a help rather than a hindrance. All the soundings of the place affected St. John's imagery when he speaks of Heaven. St. John, hungry from enforced abstinence, or having no food except that at which his appetite revolted, thinks of Heaven; and as the famished man is apt to dream of bountiful tables covered with luxuries, so St. John says of the inhabitants of Heaven, "They shall hunger no more." Scarcity of fresh water on Patmos and the hot tongue of St. John's thirst leads them to admire Heaven as he says, "They shall thirst no more."

St. John hears the waves of the sea wildly dashing against the rocks, and each wave has a voice, and all the waves together make a chorus, and they remind him of the multitudinous anthems of Heaven, and he says, "They are like voices of many waters." One day, as he looked off upon the sea, the waters were very smooth, and it is to-day while we sail them in the Minerva, and they were like glass, and the sunlight seemed to set them on fire, and there was a mingling of white light and intense flame, and as St. John looked out from his cavern home upon that brilliant sea he thought of the splendors of Heaven and describes them "As a sea of glass mingled with fire." Yes, seated in the dark cavern of Patmos, though homeless and hungry and loaded with Domitian's anathemas, St. John was the most fortunate man on earth because of the panorama that passed before the mouth of that cavern.

Turn down all the lights that we may better see it. The panorama passes, and lo! the conquering Christ robed, girdled, armed, the flash of golden candlesticks and seven stars in His right hand, candlesticks and stars meaning light held up and light scattered. And there passes a throne and Christ on it, and the seals broken, and the voices sounded, and a dragon slain, and seven last plagues swoop, and seven vials are poured out, and the vision vanishes. And we halt a moment to rest from the exciting spectacle. Again the panorama moves on before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile sees a great city representing all abominations, Babylon towered, palaced, templed, fountained, foliaged, sculptured, hanging gardens, suddenly going crash! crash! and the pliers cease to trumpet, and the dust, and the smoke, and the horror fill the canvas, while from above and beneath are voices announcing, "Babylon is fallen, is fallen!" And we halt again to rest from the spectacle.

Again the panorama passes before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile sees a mounted Christ, on a snow white charger leading forth the cavalry of Heaven, the long line of white chargers galloping through the scene, the clattering of hoofs, the clinking of bridled bits, and the flash of spears, all the earth conquered and all Heaven in Dorology. And we halt again and rest from the spectacle. Again the panorama passes before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile sees great thrones lifted, thrones of martyrs, thrones of apostles, thrones of prophets, thrones of patriarchs, and a throne higher than all on which Jesus sits, and ponderous books are opened, their leaves turned over, revealing the names of all that have ever lived, the good and the bad, the renowned and the humble, the mighty and the weak, and at the turn of every leaf the universe is in rapture and fright, and the

sea empties its sarcophagus of all the dead of the sunken shipping, and the earth gives way, and the Heavens vanish. Again we rest a moment from the spectacle.

The panorama moves on before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile beholds a city of gold, and a river more beautiful than the Rhine or the Hudson rolls through it, and fruit trees bend their burdens on either bank, and all is surrounded by walls in which the upholstery of autumnal forests, and the sunrises and sunsets of all the ages, and the glory of burning worlds seem to be commingled. And the inhabitants never breathe a sigh, or utter a groan, or discuss a difference, or frown a dislike, or weep a tear. The fashion they wear is pure white, and their foreheads are encircled by garlands, and they who were old are young, and they who were bereft are reunited. And as the last figure of that panorama rolled out of sight I think that John must have fallen back into his cavern nerveless and exhausted. Too much was it for naked eye to look at. Too much was it for human strength to experience.

My friends, I would not wonder if you should have a very similar vision after awhile. You will be through with this world, its cares and fatigues and struggles, and if you have served the Lord and have done the best you could, I should not wonder if your dying bed were a Patmos. It often has been so. I was reading of a dying boy who, while the family stood around sorrowfully, expecting each breath would be the last, cried: "Open the gates! Open the gates! Happy! Happy! Happy!" John Owen, in his last hour, said to his attendant, "Oh, brother Payne! the long-wished-for day has come at last!" Rutherford, in the closing moment of his life, cried out: "I shall shine. I shall see him as he is, and all the fair company with him, and shall have my large share. I have gotten the victory. Christ is holding forth His arms to embrace me. Now I feel. Now I enjoy! Now I rejoice! I feed on manna. I have angels' food. My eyes will see my Redeemer. Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land." Yes, 10,000 times in the history of the world has the dying bed been made a Patmos.

You see the time will come when you will, oh, child of God, be exiled to your last sickness as much as John was exiled to Patmos. You will go into your room not to come out again, for God is going to do something better and grander and happier for you than He has ever yet done! There will be such visions let down to your pillow as God gives no man if he is ever to return to this tame world. The apparent feeling of uneasiness and restlessness at the time of the Christian's departure, the physician says, is caused by no other reason than that it is an unconscious and involuntary movement, and I think in many cases it is the vision of heavenly gladness too great for mortal endurance. It is only Heaven breaking in on the departing spirit.

You see your work will be done and the time for your departure will be at hand, and there will be wings over you and wings under you, and songs let loose on the air, and your old father and mother gone for years will descend into the room, and your little children whom you put away for the last sleep years ago will be at your side, and their kiss will be on your forehead, and you will see gardens in full bloom, and the swinging open of shining gates, and will hear voices long ago hushed.

In many a Christian's departure that you have known there is a phraseology of the departing ones something that indicated the reappearance of those long deceased. It is no delirium, no delusion, but a supernatural fact. Your glorified loved ones will hear that you are about to come, and they will say in Heaven: "May I go down to show that soul the way up? May I be the celestial escort? May I wait for that soul at the edge of the pillow?" And the Lord will say: "Yes, you may fly down on that mission." And I think all your glorified kindred will come down, and they will be in the room, and although those in health standing around you may hear no voice and see no arrival from the Heavenly world, you will see and hear. And the moment the fleshly bond of the soul shall break, the cry will be: "Follow me! Up this way! By this gilded cloud, past these stars, straight for home, straight for glory, straight for God!"

As on that day in the Grecian archipelago, Patmos began to fade out of sight, I walked to the stern of the ship that I might keep my eye on the enchantment as long as I could, and the voice that sounded out of Heaven to John the exile in the cavern on Patmos seemed sounding in the waters that dashed against the side of our ship, "Hold the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people and God himself shall be with them and be their God; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

What the South Needed.

Two New Yorkers traveling South were waiting in the depot at Memphis, and talking about the needs of the South, and they had been at it three-quarters of an hour, when a long-haired man in an old sombrero and an "overflowed" look in his face, stepped up and said: "Gentlemen, you were talking about the South?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were talking about her prospects, progress and needs?"

"We were, sir."

"Well, now, I ain't so very well posted on her prospects and progress, but if you want to know the great present needs of the South just invite me out to take a whisky straight!"—*Wall Street News.*

Wrestling with a Ladder.

A man came out of the postoffice carrying a fifteen-foot ladder on his shoulder and attempted to cross Broadway. Two ladies, a vendor of pencils, a policeman and two ordinary citizens were victimized before the wheel of a heavy truck struck the end of the ladder. The man spun around for a moment or two, and then settled down with the ladder across his back. The truckman and stage drivers shouted, and a small boy perched himself on either end of it and attempted to see-saw across the man's back. The policeman, recovering his dignity, assisted the man to arise, threatened to arrest him, and finally sent him down Barclay street, amid a chorus of yells from all hands.—*New York Herald.*

A Blowing to Navigation. Steamship Captain:—I hope you'll just keep the streets of New York torn up the way they are now. It's a grand thing for navigation.

Local Steamman: Navigation? Steamship Captain: Yes, indeed. Why, the other day I would have run right onto the Jersey coast, in a fog, if the wind hadn't brought me a whiff of New York sewer gas and shown me that I was off my course.—*New York Weekly.*

A Woman Tries It. Husband (sick at home): Did you mail that letter I gave you?

Wife (back from a hurried shopping tour): No, I forgot it until the last minute. "It was very important."

"Oh, it's all right. I gave it to a little boy who promised to give it to another little boy whose half uncle lives next door to a letter carrier."—*New York Weekly.*

Big Fish. Are not caught in a cistern, yet how many men are spending their time, day after day, fishing in a rain barrel. The man who works, month in and month out, on a few acres of ground, trying to make it produce enough to support himself and family, whose common sense and his past experience tell him it won't do it is one of them. The man who works, year after year, in a shop at \$30 a month, when his family expenses are \$32, is another. If your income is not large enough to keep you and your family, or if you want to save money and can't do it on your present salary, write B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., and they will show you how to add \$40 or \$50 a month to it or if you can give them all of your time, they will put you in a position to establish a paying business of your own where you can make from \$100 to \$500 per month.

Mrs. Frank Stuart Parker says that corsets have filled more graves than whisky. They both make their victims very tight.

CHILDREN ENJOY. The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative and if the father or mother be constipated or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use, so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

Why is buttermilk like something that has never happened? Because it hasn't a curd.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3-inch display advertisement in this paper this week which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week, from the Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word, and they will return you BOOK, BEAUTIFUL LITHOGRAPHS or SAMPLES FREE.

In the stomach of a crocodile lately shot on the Daintier river was found a temperance medal. The poor thing reformed just in time to die.

For Bronchitis, Asthmatic and Pulmonary Complaints, "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" have remarkable curative properties. Sold only in boxes.

He Stayed.—Ethel: They do say that Leighton Layer wears stays. Maud: I don't know about that, but his stays wear me.

PATTERNS FREE. How? See Queen of Fashion, Send 2 (2) stamps, 46 E 14 St., New York.

The summer river excursion is a conclusive proof that men can have a good time on water if they want to.

Dr. Foote's new pamphlet on Varicella tells all about it, and what all men ought to know. Sent (sealed) for 10 cents. Box 78, New York.

Yes, Dress Reform, you are probably correct. The "common sense corset" has no doubt, come to stay.

Fear on Earth. Is not the boon vouchsafed to the chronic nervous invalid. Slight noises startle him, odd and unexpected sensations perplex him. He neither sleeps soundly nor eats heartily. He is almost invariably troubled with dyspepsia. What should he do? Begin and pursue systematically a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. With digestion fortified and food assimilated, strength returns, the nerves grow tranquil and the zest of life returns. A blessed consummation indeed, and not only effectually, but pleasantly wrought by the Bitters. Biliousness, malaria, rheumatism, kidney complaints are also prevented and cured by this sovereign regulating medicine. Try it at once if your nerves are out of order and the weakness is perpetuated by the existence of disease. A superb appetizer and promoter of sound repose.

Friend: If you have so much trouble with your wife's relations, why do you live with them? Hater: Because my relations won't have us.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT Nerve Restorer. No Fit after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$20 trial bottle free to those who send Dr. Kline 501 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Mr. Povrynew: I'd like to live abroad, if only for one thing. Mr. Van Bibber: What is that, Mr. Povrynew? Think of the delight of getting your wines fresh from the vineyard.

Bryant's Mail College, Buffalo, N. Y. is a great thing, a great thing, a great thing, cheaply, at your own home, write to above.

She: Am I not clever, dear? I have just given the porter 25 cents not to light the lamps when we go through the tunnel. He: Yes, dear, but I had just given him half a dollar for doing the same thing.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Sunday School Teacher: Miss Fanny, what are we to learn from the parable of the wise and foolish virgins? Miss Fanny (aged 10): That we are always to be on the lookout for the coming of the bridegroom.

J. C. SIMPSON, Marquette, W. V., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell it, 75c.

"Did you ever operate in the stock exchange?" said the New Yorker to his rural relative who was anxious to try his hand at finance. "I should say so." "Stock exchange are right in my line. Why, I'm the best man at a horse trade in my country."

Life's Many Troubles. Beggar: Please, sir, won't you give me a dollar to buy some medicine for me sick wife?

Gentleman: See here! Only a day or two ago you said that your wife was dead and you needed money to bury her!

Beggar: Y-e-s. This is another one.

Know H's Business. First Citizen: How did you happen to build a house way out there on the old swamp road?

Second Citizen: That will be a magnificently paved boulevard before my house is finished. One of the city officials owns a lot there.

Mothers used to say: "How I dread the night and the baby's cough." Now they say: "I fear no more to wake and get up—I've a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup."

Wife: John, I think I see a man going through the pockets of your trousers. Husband: Go to sleep; it's only the landlord saving me the trouble of paying at the office.

"Be wise with speed, a fool at forty is a fool indeed." And yet over all the world there are men still older clinging fondly to their rheumatism and gout, when the wide-awake people know very well, that Salvation Oil certainly kills pain. It is sold everywhere for only 25 cents.

Teacher: You may answer, Tommy Jones, Why do birds fly? Tommy Jones: 'Cause they ain't such fools as to walk when they don't hev ter.

Through Sleeping Cars, Kansas City to Hot Springs.

Commencing November 15, the Mo. Pac. Railway Company will resume its through sleeping car service between Kansas City and Hot Springs, Arkansas, "the World's Sanitarium and Resort," leaving Kansas City 9:10 p. m., via "the Wagoner Route," through the beautiful Indian Territory and Arkansas Valley via Coffeyville, Wagoner, Ft. Gibson, Van Buren, Ft. Smith and Little Rock. For tickets, Descriptive and illustrated pamphlet, and further information call on our address: Company's Agents or B. C. Townsend, G. P. Agt., St. Louis.

"That hen eats corn by the quart." "You must be mistaken. I've been watching her eat, and she seems to do it by the peck."

Mamma's Tutor.

Yesterday morning Dr. Roby, assisted by Drs. Bailey, Curtis and Stewart, removed from a patient in the south part of the city a tumor somewhat larger than a common water pail. The operation was completed and the patient put to bed in thirty-five minutes. Such cases frequently occupy a hour and a half or two hours. Late last night the lady who is the mother of a prominent business man in the city, was in a good condition for so short a time after such an operation.

—Topeka Daily Capital.

Ten days later the patient was discharged, making the case one of the finest surgical victories on record.

"The man I wed must be handsome, brave and noble; he must have no bad habits and must love me devotedly." "But, my dear, that is impossible, you know, quite impossible." "Why?" "Because there is only one such man in all the wide world and he is going to marry me."



Big, but bad

—the old-fashioned pill. Bad to take, and bad to have taken. Inefficient, too. It's only temporary relief you can get from it.

Try something better. With Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets the benefit is lasting. They cleanse and regulate the liver, stomach and bowels. Taken in time, they prevent trouble. In any case, they cure it.

And they cure it easily; they're mild and gentle, but thorough and effective. There's no disturbance to the system, diet or occupation. One tiny, sugar-coated Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic. Sick and Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

They're purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, the smallest, and the easiest to take—but besides that, they're the cheapest pill you can buy, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the good you get. This is true only of Dr. Pierce's medicines.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S

LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They will relieve Dizziness from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too-Hasty Eating. A perfect remedy for Biliousness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, and all the troubles that come from an impure blood. They regulate the bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Price 25 Cents.

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Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

HAY FEVER & ASTHMA

CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U. S. and Canada. Address: U. S. and Canada. Address: U. S. and Canada. Address: U. S. and Canada.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED

Mrs. Alice Maple, Oregon, Mo., writes: "My weight was 220 pounds, now it is 125. For circulars address, with 10c, to Dr. O. W. FENTLER, McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill."

ELY'S CREAM BALM—Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Alleviates Headache, Cures the Sore, Reddened Throat and Smell, and Cures

CATARRH

Gives Relief at once for Cold in Head. Apply into the Nostrils. It is Quickly Absorbed. Transients or by mail. ELY BROS., 16 Warren St., N. Y.

City Women Millions of them use Pyle's Pearl-

instead of Soap. It's natural they should be the first to know the new ideas. If Pearlina is good for them, it's of far more value to whose work is harder—Country Women

Beware

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE!—Pearlina is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, do the honest thing—send it back. JAMES PYLE, New York.

DR. HARTER'S

THE ONLY TRUE IRON TONIC

Will purify BLOOD, regulate KIDNEYS, remove LIVER and BILIOUSNESS, restore appetite, restore health and vigor, cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Stomach Troubles, and all the troubles that come from an impure blood. It is sold everywhere. All genuine goods bear "Crescent" and send 2-cent stamp for 25-page pamphlet.

DE. HARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

LADIES

Hand Sewed. 300. Hand Sewed. 250. Hand Sewed. 200. Hand Sewed. 150. Hand Sewed. 100. Hand Sewed. 50. Hand Sewed. 25. Hand Sewed. 10. Hand Sewed. 5. Hand Sewed. 2.50. Hand Sewed. 1.25. Hand Sewed. .625. Hand Sewed. .3125. Hand Sewed. .15625. Hand Sewed. .078125. Hand Sewed. .0390625. Hand Sewed. .01953125. Hand Sewed. .009765625. Hand Sewed. .0048828125. Hand Sewed. .00244140625. Hand Sewed. .001220703125. Hand Sewed. .0006103515625. Hand Sewed. .00030517578125. Hand Sewed. .000152587890625. Hand Sewed. .0000762939453125. Hand Sewed. .00003814697265625. Hand Sewed. .000019073486328125. Hand Sewed. .0000095367431640625. Hand Sewed. .00000476837158203125. Hand Sewed. .000002384185791015625. Hand Sewed. .0000011920928955078125. Hand Sewed. .00000059604644775390625. Hand Sewed. .000000298023223876953125. Hand Sewed. .0000001490116119384765625. Hand Sewed. .00000007450580596923828125. Hand Sewed. .000000037252902984619140625. Hand Sewed. .0000000186264514923095703125. Hand Sewed. .00000000931322574615478515625. Hand Sewed. .000000004656612873077392578125. Hand Sewed. .0000000023283064365386962890625. Hand Sewed. .00000000116415321826934814453125. Hand Sewed. .000000000582076609134674072265625. Hand Sewed. .0000000002910383045673370361328125. Hand Sewed. .00000000014551915228366851806640625. Hand Sewed. .000000000072759576141834259033203125. Hand Sewed. .0000000000363797880709171295166015625. Hand Sewed. .00000000001818989403545856475830078125. Hand Sewed. .000000000009094947017729282379150390625. Hand Sewed. .0000000000045474735088646141895751953125. Hand Sewed. .00000000000227373675443230709478759765625. Hand Sewed. .000000000001136868377216153547393798828125. Hand Sewed. .0000000000005684341886080767736968994140625. Hand Sewed. .00000000000028421709430403838684844970703125. Hand Sewed. .000000000000142108547152019193424224853515625. Hand Sewed. .0000000000000710542735760095967121124267578125. Hand Sewed. .00000000000003552713678800479835605621337890625. Hand Sewed. .000000000000017763568394002399178028106689453125